

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

One copy, one year.....\$ 1 50
 One copy, six months..... 1 00
 One copy, three months..... 50
 No deduction from these rates under any circumstances.
 As soon as possible by law to pay postage in advance on papers sent outside of Ohio county, we are forced to require payment on subscriptions in advance.
 All papers will be promptly stopped at the expiration of the time subscribed for.
 All letters on business must be addressed to JOHN P. HARRITT, Publisher.

THE HARTFORD HERALD.

"I COME, THE HERALD OF A NOISY WORLD, THE NEWS OF ALL NATIONS LUMBERING AT MY BACK"

VOL. 2.

HARTFORD, OHIO COUNTY, KY., JULY 12, 1876.

NO. 27.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Number of Copies	1 Week	2 Weeks	1 Month	3 Months	6 Months	1 Year
One	\$ 1.00	\$ 1.50	\$ 2.00	\$ 5.00	\$ 7.50	\$ 10.00
Two	1.75	2.50	3.00	7.50	10.00	15.00
Three	2.50	3.50	4.00	10.00	15.00	20.00
Four	3.00	4.00	4.50	12.00	18.00	25.00
Five	3.50	4.50	5.00	14.00	20.00	30.00
Six	4.00	5.00	5.50	16.00	22.00	35.00
Seven	4.50	5.50	6.00	18.00	24.00	40.00
Eight	5.00	6.00	6.50	20.00	26.00	45.00
Nine	5.50	6.50	7.00	22.00	28.00	50.00
Ten	6.00	7.00	7.50	24.00	30.00	55.00

For shorter time, at proportionate rates.
 One inch of space constitutes a square.

A Country School.

Pretty and pale and tired,
 She sits in her stiff-backed chair,
 While the blazing summer sun
 Shines on her soft brown hair;
 And the tiny brook without,
 That she hears through the open door,
 Mocks with its murmur cool
 Hard benches and dusty floor.
 It seems such an endless round—
 Grammar and A, B, C,
 The blackboard and the sums;
 The studied geography;
 When from teacher to little form
 Not one of them cares a straw,
 Whether "John" is my "case",
 Or Kansas in Omaha.
 But Jenny's bare brown feet
 Are aching to walk in the stream,
 Where the trout to his tarry bait
 Shall leap with a quick, bright gleam,
 And his teacher's blue eyes stray
 To the flowers on the desk hard by,
 Will her thoughts have followed her eyes
 With a half-unconscious sigh.
 Her heart outcours the clock,
 And she smells the faint, sweet scent,
 But when have time and heart
 Their measure in union lent?
 For time will hasten or lags,
 Like your shadow on the grass,
 That lingers far behind!
 Or flies when you fain would pass.
 Have patience, restless Jen,
 The stream and the fish will wait;
 And patience, tired blue eyes—
 Down the road to the gate,
 Under the willow shade
 Stands one with fresh-cut flowers;
 So turn to your books again,
 And keep love for the after hours.

Carpe Diem.

Youth, that pursues with eager pace
 Thy even way,
 Thou faintest to win mournful race;
 Then stay! Oh, stay!
 Pause and luxuriate in thy sunny plain;
 Loiter—enjoy;
 Once past, thou never wilt come back again
 A second boy.
 The hills of manhood wear a noble face,
 When seen from far;
 The mist of flight from which they take
 Their grace
 Hides what they are.
 The dark and weary path those cliffs
 Between
 Thou canst not know;
 And how it leads to regions never green,
 Dead fields of snow.
 Pause while thou mayest, nor deem that
 Fate thy gain
 Which, all too fast,
 Will drive thee forth from this delicious
 plain,
 A man at last.
 —Lord Houghton.

THE FORTY ACRE STORY.

BY EDWARD INGLESSEN.

It doesn't do men good to live apart from women and children. I never knew a boys' school in which there was not a tendency to rowdiness, and lumbermen, sailors, fishermen, and other men that live only with men, are proverbially a half-breed sort of people. Frontiersmen soften down when women and children come. But I forget myself—it is my story you want.
 Burton and Jones lived in a shanty by themselves. Jones was a married man, and, finding it hard work to support his family in a "down east" village, had emigrated to northern Minnesota, leaving his wife under his father's roof, until he should be able to make a start. He and Burton had pre-empted a town site of three hundred and twenty acres.
 There were, perhaps, twenty families scattered sparsely over this town site at the time my story begins and ends, for it ends in the same week in which it begins.
 The parties had disagreed, quarreled and divided their interests. The land was also shared between them, except one valuable forty acre piece. Each of them claimed that piece of land, and the quarrel had grown so high between them that the neighbors had expected them to "shoot at sight." In fact it was understood that Burton, who was on the forty acre piece, had determined to shoot Jones if he came, and Jones had sworn to go out to shoot Burton, when the fight was postponed by the arrival of Jones' wife and child.
 Jones' shanty was not finished, and he was forced to forego the pleasure of fighting his old partner in his exertion to make his wife and child comfortable during the night, for the winter sun was surrounded by "sun bugs." Instead of one sun there were four, an occurrence not frequent in that latitude, but one that always abodes a terrible storm. In his endeavor to care for his wife and child, Jones was mollified a little and half regretted that he had been so violent about the piece of land. But he was not to be backed down and would certainly have to shoot Burton or be shot himself.
 When he thought of the chance of being killed by his old partner, the prospect was not pleasant. He looked wistfully at Kitty, his two-year old child, and dreaded that she would be fatherless. Nevertheless, he wouldn't

be backed down. He would shoot or be shot.
 While the father was busy cutting wood and the wife was busy otherwise, little Kitty managed to get the shanty door open. There was no latch as yet, and her prying little fingers easily swung it back. A gust of wind almost took her breath away, but she caught sight of the brown grass without, and the new world seemed so big that the little feet were fain to try to explore it.
 She pushed out through the door, caught her breath again, and started away down the path bordered by sere grass and the dead stock of wild flowers.
 How often she had longed to escape from restraint and puddle out into the world alone! So out into the world she went, rejoicing in her liberty, in the blue sky above and the rusty prairie beneath. She would find out where the path went and what was the end of the world. What did she care if her nose was blue and her chubby hands as red as beetles! Now and then she turned her head away from the rude blast, forerunner of the storm, but having glimpsed a moment she quickly renewed her march in search of the great unknown.
 The mother missed her, but supposed that Jones, who could not get enough of the child's society, had taken the little pet out with him. Jones, poor fellow, supposing that the darling was safe within, chopped away until the awful storm broke upon him, and at last drove him, half smothered by the snow, and half frozen by the cold, into the house. When there was nothing left but retreat he seized an armful of wood and carried it into the house with him to make sure of having enough to keep Kitty and his wife from freezing in the coming awfulness of that night which now settled down upon the storm-beaten and snow-blinded world. It was the beginning of that storm in which so many people were frozen to death, and Jones died not too soon.
 When once the wood was stacked by the stove, Jones looked for Kitty. He had no more than asked for her, when father and mother read in each other's faces the fact that she was lost in the wild, dashing storm of snow.
 So fast did the snow fall and so dark was the night that Jones could not see three feet ahead of him. He endeavored to follow the path which he thought Kitty might have taken, but it was buried in the snow-drifts, calling out to Kitty in his distress, not knowing whether he went. After an hour of despairing wandering and shouting, he came upon a house, and, after having rapped upon the door, he found himself face to face with his wife, he having returned to his own door in his bewilderment.
 When he remembered that Jones had not slept for two nights preceding this one on account of his quarrel with Burton, and had now been beating against the Arctic hurricane and tramping through the treacherous billows of snow for an hour, we cannot wonder that he fell over his own threshold in a state of complete exhaustion.
 As it was, the wife must needs give up the vain search she had been making in the neighborhood of the shanty. She had a sick husband with frozen hands and feet and face to take care of. Every minute the thermometer fell lower and lower, and all the heat in the little cooking stove in Jones' shanty could hardly keep them from freezing.
 Burton had stayed upon the forty acre lot all day, waiting for a chance to shoot his old partner, Jones. He had not heard of the arrival of Jones' wife, and he concluded his enemy was a coward, and had left him in possession, or meant to play him some treacherous trick on his way home. So Burton resolved to keep a sharp look out, but soon found that impossible, for the storm was soon upon him in its blinding. He tried to follow the path, but he could not find it.
 Had he been less of a frontiersman, he must have perished within a furlong of his hut. He endeavored to keep the direction of the path, and soon heard a smothered cry, and something rose up covered with snow and fell down again. He raised his gun to shoot it when the creature uttered another wailing cry, so human that he put down his gun and went cautiously forward. It was a child.
 He did not remember that there was such a child among the settlers at Newport. He did not stop to ask questions. He must, without delay, get himself

and the child, too, to a place of safety, or they would both be frozen. So he took the little thing in his arms and started through the drifts. And the child put its fingers on Burton's rough cheek, and muttered "Papa!" And Burton held her closely, and fought the snow more vigorously than ever.
 He found the shanty at last, and rolled the child in a buffalo robe while he made a fire. Then when he had got the room a little warm, he took the little thing upon his knee, dipped her aching fingers into cold water, and asked her what her name was.
 "Kitty," she said.
 "Kitty," said he; "and what else?"
 "Kitty," she answered, nor could he find out any more.
 "Your Kitty," she said. For she had known her father but that one day, and now she believed that Burton was her father. Burton sat up all night and stuffed wood into his impotent little stove to keep the baby from freezing to death. Never having had anything to do with children, he firmly believed that Kitty, sleeping snugly under the blankets and robes, would freeze if he should let the fire subside in the least.
 As the storm prevailed with unabated fury the next day, and as he dared neither to take Kitty out nor to leave her alone, he stayed by her all day, and stuffed the stove, and laughed at her dull baby talk, and fed her on biscuit, fried bacon and coffee.
 On the morning of the second day, the storm subsided. It was cold, but knowing somebody must be mourning Kitty for dead, he wrapped her in skins and with much difficulty reached the first neighbor's house, suffering only a frosted nose by the way.
 "The child," said the woman to whose house he had gone, "is Jones'; I see 'em take her outen the wagon day before yesterday."
 Burton looked a moment at Kitty in perplexity, then he rolled her up again and started out, "traveling like mad," the woman said, as she watched him.
 When he reached Jones', he found Jones and his wife sitting in utter wretchedness by the fire. They were both sick from grief, and unable to move out of the house. Kitty they had given up to be buried under the snow mound. They would find her when spring should come and melt the snow covering off.
 When the exhausted Burton came in with his buffalo skins, they looked at him in amazement. But he opened it, and let little Kitty out and said:
 "Here, Jones, is this your pet Kitty?"
 And Jones got up and took his old partner's hand and said:
 "Burton, old fellow," and then choked up and sat down and cried helplessly.
 And Burton said:
 "Jones, old fellow, you may have that forty acre patch. It came near making me the murderer of that little Kitty's father."
 "No! you shall have it yourself," cried Jones, "if I have to go to law to make you."
 And he actually decided his interest in the forty acres to Burton. But Burton transferred it all to Kitty.
 This is why this part of Newton was called "Kitty's Forty."

American Wonders.

The greatest cataract in the world is the falls of Niagara.
 The greatest cave in the world is the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky.
 The greatest river in the world is the Mississippi, 4,100 miles long.
 The largest valley in the world is the Mississippi Valley.
 The largest lake in the world is Lake Superior, which is truly an inland sea, being four hundred and thirty miles long, and one thousand feet deep.
 The largest railroad in the world is the Pacific Railroad, which is over 3,000 miles in length.
 The greatest natural bridge in the world is the natural bridge over Cedar Creek, in Virginia.
 The greatest mass of solid iron in the world is the great Iron Mountain in Missouri.
 The largest deposits of anthracite coal in the world are in Pennsylvania.
 A MINISTER asked a tipsy fellow, who was leaning up against a fence, where he expected to go when he died.
 "If I don't get along any better than I do now," he said, "I shan't go anywhere."
 WHEN you hear a man say life is but a dream, tread on his corns and wake him up. Life is real.

Those Race Horse men.

Mrs. Crocker, of Detroit, loves to read a daily paper. She begins at the name and reads to the last line on the fourth page, skipping nothing. She hasn't a first class college education, but it is seldom that anything printed in the papers is too much for her. She got "stuck" the other day, however, and this is how it happened: There was a report of a horse race, and she began to read it. She got down to where it said John Jay names g. g. Dick, and she mused:
 "He names g. g., does he? Now, what in the world is a g. g.? I've been to races several times, and I never saw a g. g. around there.
 She puzzled over it until old Mr. Thompson came over to borrow a few clothes-pins, and she asked him what it could mean.
 "John Jay names g. g.," he mused.
 "Why, that's as plain as day. He named a gray goat, of course, and the name of that gray goat is Dick."
 "What is a goat doing at a horse race?" asked Mrs. Crocker.
 "I don't know," he replied; "but John had one there, sure as your horn."
 She took the paper and read that James Thomas named b. m. "Troubadour," and she wanted to know what on earth that meant.
 "That means—that means," he replied, scratching his head, "that means that James Thomas has his big mule there, and that his big mule was named Troubadour."
 "I never heard of a mule trotting at a horse race," she protested.
 "But it seems that this was a big mule, and so they let him in," he explained.
 The next thing she found was that Peter Black named his b. c. "Nancy" for the 2:40 dash.
 "You know what that means, do you?" she asked, as she handed the old man the paper.
 "Yes, I do," was the prompt reply.
 "If I know my business, and I think I do, for I have owned seven horses and eleven sulks in my time, that means that Peter Black named his black calf for that dash."
 "Oh, pshaw!"
 "Very well, Mrs. Crocker. If you know all about racing why did you ask me."
 "Do you suppose I'm fool enough to believe that a black calf is named to trot in a horse race? You are getting to be a fool, Mr. Thompson!"
 "I guess not—I guess I know my business."
 "You got out of this yard, sir!" she yelled. I don't pretend to know much but I know more in a minute than you do in fourteen days!"
 "Very well, Mrs. Crocker, very well. I was going to borrow some of your clothes-pins, but now I won't—no, dang me if I do!"
 She ran for the hoe, and he for the gate, and if any body has wondered over seeing a Crawford street woman rushing a baldheaded man along the sidewalk, this article can be taken as an explanation. The man doesn't live who can make old Mrs. Crocker believe that a black calf has anything to do with a race track.—[Detroit Free Press.

A Grocer's Trick.

The other day a Grand River avenue grocer purchased a thirty-pound crock of butter of a farmer whom he had never dealt with before, and while down in the cellar emptying the crock, he thought of a trick to surprise the agriculturist. Finding a stone weighing about eight pounds, the grocer greased it, carried it up-stairs with the crock, and pointing to it, quietly remarked:
 "This, of course, is to be taken from the gross weight, as well as the jar."
 The farmer looked at the stone for several long seconds, and then in a voice so low that no one else could hear, replied:
 "Please kiver a piece of paper over the jar, for there's a man out by the door who knows me?"
 The grocer finally explained his fiendish plot, and the butter-seller's face underwent a sudden change. Reaching over the sugar barrels to shake hands, he said:
 "I didn't hardly believe it, though my wife came from a tricky family, and I should have gone home and organized mourning and lamentation in that farm-house.—[Detroit Free Press.

A young Philadelphian, threatened with a breach of promise suit, says:
 "Sue away. Contracts made on Sunday ain't legal."

Centennial Meeting.

NO CREEK, July 8, 1876.
 Editor Herald:
 In compliance with, and according to, the programme arranged by the Bishop of the M. E. Church, a centennial meeting was held at Wesley Chapel, No Creek, July 2d, 1876.
 The meeting commenced at 8:30 a. m., by reading the 33 Psalm,—five verses of 1. Tim. 2. ch.,—singing and prayer.
 An address was delivered by the P. C. on "National Providential blessings," which was the question of the hour. This was followed by appropriate remarks from several present. Among many other good things, Bro. J. C. Barnett said that the land of Providence guided our fathers to this country for a home of liberty, both civil and religious. Bro. J. F. Wallace remarked that he had heard of, seen, read, and realized many blessings, but if he lived till the next centennial, he could tell us a great deal more. Bro. J. C. Chamberlin said, our liberty cost a great deal of bloodshed; but, said he, one drop of the blood of Jesus was worth much more than all. Bro. R. A. Stevens said that he hoped the time would come when old No Creek would send men to Congress and to the Presidential chair—he believed it not only possible, but probable, for said he, this is a good place—our people are as good as any other, and all we want is the preparation. Sisters Wallace and Barnett said good things just to the point.
 After a few moments' recess, the rain which had been falling in torrents, having ceased, the people assembled from different parts of the country and towns to hear the centennial sermon. Some came in buggies, some in wagons, some on horses, and some on foot. The sermon was preached from first Chron., twenty-ninth chapter and eleventh verse. (1. Chron. 29, 11.) At 2 o'clock p. m. a children's meeting was held. After a nice procession, addresses were delivered by the pastor and others. At 4 p. m. the congregation was dismissed, and as far as we know, all went away cheerful and in a good humor, and, perhaps, to-day are thinking of the addresses or humming the beautiful songs which were sung so lustily.
 J. T. PENDER.

London Gamins.

Mr. John Ormsby, in his "Stray Papers," tells the following story of the London street Arabs: "We once saw the Strand thrown into terror, confusion, and distress by the unaided wit of two boys. It was one of those foggy, damp December evenings, when the lamps looked like blurred moons, and objects twenty yards off are all indistinguishable. * * * These playful youths had got an old suit of clothes and some straw, out of which they had made an image sufficiently like a man to pass muster in that uncertain light. With this, counterfeiting the action of affectionate sons leading home a beloved but intoxicated father, they would suddenly appear in front of some passing omnibus and then, affecting to lose all presence of mind, allow their helpless parent to fall almost under the feet of the horses. The scene may be imagined. Terror of the passengers, horror of the driver, horses down through having been sharply turned aside or pulled up on the greasy pavement, general agitation, which culminated at length when an omnibus, with more way on than usual actual passed over the body, the wretched driver of course suffered the mental agonies of a homicide until relieved by seeing the straw intestines of his victim."
 The world estimates men by their success in life, and, by general consent success is evidence of superiority. Base all your actions upon a principle of right; preserve all your integrity of character in doing this; never reckon on the cost of doing right. Remember that self interest is more likely to warp your judgement than all other circumstances combined, therefore look well to your duty when your duty is concerned. Never make money at the expense of your reputation. Be neither lavish or niggardly; of the two avoid the latter—a mean man is universally despised; but public favor is a stepping stone to preferment, therefore generous feelings should be cultivated.

WATERMELONS have come in Florida. Watermeloncholic piece of news!

An Ingenious Philologist.

An English missionary found himself amid an extremely remote and savage tribe, who conversed with each other by means of hard sounds. The missionary tried long to get hold of the sounds in such a way as to represent them in signs. Having after a year or so obtained a clew, he had neither pen, ink, nor paper, but he had a wooden leg and a knife, and he cut on his leg the letters he thought corresponded to the signs. He then taught the savages the art of connecting sounds and written signs. The missionary, I believe, died or left that region, but he left his wooden leg, and after a time the savages worked out from it an alphabet and a written language.
 By some mysterious means, too, they got hold of a printing press, and an English traveller got hold of a few printed leaves, which he could not understand, but brought home to Mr. Norris. The Orientalist examined them carefully, and was struck by the fact that the sentences were printed in single or paragraph style. It struck him that they might be copied from the bible. He counted the number of paragraphs or verses in one of the emancipating chapters and then searched for a chapter in the bible which had the same number of verses. He found that there was only one—a psalm, and on comparing the words of the savage writing to those in the psalm, he made out the alphabet of the tribe, and laid a complete translation of the pages before the Oriental Society.
 Two Orators.
 No man was so skillful as Pitt to answer the question of his adversaries without imparting the smallest information. He was never taken off his guard. If Pitt ever appeared in some eyes to grow warm as he proceeded, it was with a measured warmth; there were no starts and sallies, and sudden emanations of the soul; he seemed to be as much under the minutest regulation in the most vehement swellings and apostrophes of his speech as in his coldest calculations. Fox, as an orator, appeared to come immediately from the hand of forming nature. He spoke well because he felt strongly and earnestly. His oratory was impetuous as the current of the river Rhone; nothing could arrest its course. His voice would insensibly rise to too high a key; he would run himself out of breath. Everything showed how little artifice there was in his eloquence. Though on all occasions he was throughout energetic, yet it was by sudden flashes and emanations that he electrified the heart, and shot through the blood of his hearer. I have seen his countenance lighted up with more than mortal ardor and goodness; I have been present when his voice has become suffused with the sudden bursting forth of a torrent of tears.
 Woman's Marriage.
 To marry one man, while loving and loved by another, is about the most grievous fault that a woman can commit. It is a sin against delicacy, against kindness and truth. It involves giving that legal right which is guilty and shameful when given to any thing but reciprocal affection. It involves double treachery and cruelty. It involves wounding the spirit, withering the heart, perhaps blighting and soiling the soul of the one who is abandoned and betrayed. It involves the speedy disenchantment of the one who is mocked by the shadow where he was promised the substance, and who grasps only the phantom, soulless beauty, and the husk, the shell, the skeleton of a dead affection. It entails ceaseless deception, at home and abroad, by day and by night, at our down-sitting and our uprising; deception in every relation; deception in the tenderest and most endearing moments of our existence. It makes the whole of a life a weary, degraded unwarded life. A right-minded woman could scarcely lay a deeper sin upon her soul or one more certain to bring down a fearful expiation.
 A goose that sees another drink will do the same though he is not thirsty. The custom of drinking for company, when drinking is dispensable and prejudicial, seems to be a case of the same kind, and to put a man, feathers only excepted, upon a footing with a goose.
 It is said that when a Russian husband neglects to beat his wife for a month or two, she begins to be alarmed at his indifference.

A Practical Husband.

He was a wonderfully practical man, and she was marvellously poetical. To her life had been a dream edged with gold and filled in with the loveliness of roscate hues. But to him had appeared everything in the homespun garb of every day life. He is a country merchant, and buys his goods in New York. His partner always went to the city on business connected with the grocery, but the partner was recently taken ill, and our extremely practical friend was obliged to go. It was his first visit to the great city, and he was to be gone three days. It was a momentous event to his fond wife. Do the best she could her mind was troubled with forebodings. It is difficult to tell just exactly how he felt, but while it was evident that he realized the importance of the step he was about to make, still he never lost sight of the fact that a mighty responsibility was resting on his shoulders, and that all private emotion must be subserved to public interests. His carpet bag was packed and his hand on the door to pass out of the house when she bade him good bye. She put both arms around his neck.
 "John," she sobbed, "you are going away."
 This was so palpable that it would have been madness to attempt a denial, so he merely observed:
 "Look out for my collar, Maria."
 "You will think of your wife while you are gone?" she whispered huskily.
 He was a trifle nervous under the pressure of her arms upon his collar, but he spoke reassuringly.
 "I will bear it in mind, my dear."
 "You will think of me as mourning your absence and anxiously waiting your return?"
 "You can trust me to attend to it," he replied, with as much firmness as if it had been a request for six barrels of mackerel.
 "And you'll be very careful of yourself for my sake?" she suggested, in a broken voice.
 "I will see it attended, to my dear; but it is almost time for the train," and he gravely sought to remove her arms from his neck.
 "John, John!" she convulsively cried, "don't forget me!"
 "Maria," he said, with a tinge of reproach in his tone, "I have made a memorandum to that effect."
 And then she let him go—still tearful, but confident "it would be attended to."—[Danbury News.
 Not Known in Heaven.
 Our Cincinnati correspondent is responsible for the following:
 J. P. Spining has been interviewed by Benjamin, a revivalist from Chicago.
 Benj.—"Are you the manager of the Elm Street Printing Co?"
 Sp.—"Yes, sir."
 Benj.—"I have a job I wish you to do for me."
 Sp.—"All right; we can do it for you."
 Benj.—"Well, I want it done for nothing. I prayed to God to direct me to some kind-hearted printer who would not charge me for the work, and he directed me to your establishment."
 Sp.—"Well, I guess the Lord don't know us, or he would not have sent you here. There was only one printer in the city that did work as you want it done, and, I guess he is dead, or moved over the hills to the poor house."—[Exchange.
 Josephine's Granddaughter.
 The granddaughter of Josephine lies dead in Sweden. The lady whom we know as the Queen Dowager of Sweden, and whose death was noticed the other day, was the daughter of Eugene, the son of Josephine, and adopted son of the great Napoleon. She was born in the splendor of imperial days, and became the bride of Bernadotte's son. Two of her sons became Kings. One of them is now on the throne. It is strange, as showing how time avenges everything, that while the blood of Napoleon is on no throne in Europe, the blood of Josephine, who was divorced because she could not bear Napoleon children, has become a royal strain, and will probably continue. It was the dream of the great conqueror's life to found a royal line. His descendants are outside of the royal circle, while the descendants of his discarded wife reign still and bid fair to reign for generations.
 More girls graduate from the schools of Illinois than boys. Smart!

